The Lesson Of Limited Liability

Before the ocean and the earth appeared - before the skies had overspread them all - the face of Nature in a vast expanse was naught but Chaos uniformly waste.

- Ovid, Metamorphosis

It is senseless to worship an idol, for effigies are craft of human hands.

If a human is breathing, it is lying.

Bel does not, in light of reason, consume the sheep, but provides cover for treacherous thievery of effort and resources.

Currency in the current era is farce. A deception of few foisted upon the backs of the many. 97% of the world's currency is debt - represented as points of light flickering from windows looking upon the Akashic Records. From dark seas of nighted formless, light appears contrasting to human eyes. Delusion thus is resultant from our prisons of bone and blood. Money is that by which all trade is mandated, constructed as an easy mode of theft, taking the earnest barter of skill and service and illegitimately transmuting worth to valueless but tangible illusion.

Iron pyrite for gold. Mother's milk for a suspension of chalkdust. Impassioned impression borne of interested observation for superficial short attention without possible handhold.

When work is codified into units explained by words deliberately summing to promises instead of definitions impossible to argue against successfully, the

virtues of the laborious efforts have been robbed and indeed, replaced with the flimsiest of facsimiles.

Fear not Gods. Know that it is Gods who fear us. Without our nourishment of attention and praise they are unknown - invisible and intangible.

Sleight of hand has long fostered confusion. Scurrying multi-segmented rodents revealed to the starving with feigned piteous expressions to have once again consumed and carried away the town center's harvest.

Fingers animating hollow nutshells across mesas and mouths insectoid spinning yarn webs without mooring anchors prove nothing but their own incompetence obscured behind flash bombs smoking sulphurous. Earnest and virtuous refuse to grovel groundward beneath oppressive fumes, tearing vision stinging and lungs convulsing they push forward. Armored in righteousness repelling sword blades, hands that once worked fields only satiated now when around the throats which once spewed forth condescending, filthy mistruths.

Led past temptation by prophets and seers, the good and holy prosperous reclaim their bequeathed gifts - the hours of their lives. Once the forges produced weapons which were employed against them. Now the roles they were forced into become the forges of the future. The knights of royals lose their eyes, swinging halberds blindly upon revolting horsebacks while their judgement stands pure in harbor surrounding, the mockery in their hearts to be recounted to their offspring as fantastical storytelling bereft of spear, javelin, or thorn. Harmless comedies to amuse children who, unlike so many for long before them, are destined to mature into adults well before their bodies expire from the rigors of age.

Names are transitory. Volition etches the deeds into the clay upon which we are born. Authors have a limited number of plots to convey - here at least. It is possible to imagine other overarching sets of circumstances, thus, they exist.

Tools wielded by the malfeasant are, for all to behold, their foretold doom. That is the cost of arrogant short-sightedness - the evil of sloth programmed inherently to self-destruct in supremely oxygenated immolation. Recognize now, if you are one of Us, the portent such omens implies. Do not make the mistake our tormentors did with their choices. Deities depend solely on what we give them. This severely limits what could be returned to any chosen individuals. Askance for favor through murder and destruction presented as sacrifice is seen immediately as the deceit it is intended to be and returned in kind.

Genuflect not before the inventor of suffering.

Dishonesty is the most grievous sin possible, its consequences being the concept of karma. Beware, however, of likening this tallying point system to being attached to cycles of reincarnation. When used as part of a constructed worldview this can easily lead one to sloth by reckoning that whatever you have constructed your self to be has unlimited opportunities to redeem past actions or repair careless and intentional damages. A personal plan can be erected where one can envision a stairway to enlightenment with risers miniscule in effort to ascend, inevitably leading to a lifespan spent committing heinous acts while holding out a ridiculous, tiny token for the tollbooth accessing the cloverleaf ramp to return. Such thought experiments always incorporate a conveniently unknown amount of next turns - infinity to remain in hell and participate in the oppression of those adjacent while doing so. Neverending forgiveness by an invisible benevolent parent or parents is exactly what the worshippers of the inventor of suffering espouse as supreme reality and, therefore, precisely what is reflected to the Firmament.

This onrushing annihilation is displayed prominently and given form by its repeated description. Every discussion publicly cast into the forum creates destinations at the terminus of every possible avenue. This is how perfect laws are created. When no argument can effectively be made against the collection of information comprising the edict, all exceptions possible queried and plotted, then finally the parasitic antagonists of justice find that their efforts to exploit have been their own demise from the beginning.